

# 3rd Year Pieces

2008-2009

## Relish

by Margaret Pope

Taste a cloud,  
stirring in sapphire sky.  
Savor its airy softness,  
floating with ease, over lush shrubbery.  
Savor its velvet quality as it  
wanders over wormy lips.  
Nibble fluffy, ivory edges,  
and indulge in a pleasant delight.

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## Furious

by Bennet Roper

Touch my rage,  
feel it burn your fingers.  
Taste the heat billowing off my feelings  
towards you.  
Feel remorse blistering your skin. Enraged  
flames spin out;  
enveloping all surroundings.  
Smoke chokes off opposition.  
There is no relief  
from passion until it burns itself  
out.

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## Never Forgotten

by Abbey Holsman

Touch a memory:  
live a day in the past.  
Hugging my dead uncle,  
plastic guitar and rock music  
booms in memory's ears.  
*Guitar Hero* seems like ages ago.  
Holding that controller tight; playing  
the same song. On my downstairs couch, I hear  
your loud laugh, see your dry fingers  
moving fast. What is no longer here.  
lives deep in my mind:

## Oblivious

by Mary Parker

Knowledge fondly remembers ignorance,  
caressing fading memories of  
child-like imaginings in place of facts,  
like a lonely lover  
staring at a crinkled photograph.  
Knowing begs for a return of dis-remembrance,  
disliking lack of wonder in life,  
but sabotages itself; something learned  
cannot be completely forgotten.

Ignorance aches longingly for knowledge --  
answers for its endless questions --  
even as with suicidal ease,  
it rapidly spins tales explaining  
the hows and whys  
of an inexplicable world. Slowly,  
unknowingly, ignorance strangles knowledge:  
a badger backed into a corner, with no options remaining.  
One never survives alongside the other.

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## Spring Sun

by Gerrit Egnew

Soft southern wind whistles  
slowly through barely-green trees.  
Robins meander  
through sketchily-sized leaves,  
calling out in lively, life-loving song.  
Warm rays provide power for  
newly-constructed life. Like ants to fragrant honey,  
creatures emerge from burrows, reveling in an abundance  
of food.  
Spring greens and browns  
peer out at  
resurrection from beneath barren white  
countryside.

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an everlasting memory; present, tangible.

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## **Yesterday is Tomorrow**

by Alex Crogh

Lying yesterday is lost trust tomorrow.  
Telling the truth gains future trust.  
Injuring yourself restricts sports tomorrow.  
Practicing hard now brings new skills in time.  
Fighting with friends creates loss of friendship.  
Politeness brings life-time friends.  
Not doing homework means my certain destruction.  
Doing homework on time yields escape from wrath.  
Having a healthy diet grows the strength of my muscles:  
all past days are my future.  
Planting seeds yesterday brings forth  
sweet or sour fruit.

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## **Februaries**

by Mary Parker

I touched your skin today,  
a narcissistic red  
that did nothing in reaction.  
Soft giggles escaped  
as gossamer fingers  
trailed slowly from ankle to knee  
(though you told me a year ago I wasn't yours).  
Leaning forward, as if to  
whisper sweet nothings into an awaiting ear  
you stop abruptly,  
staring forlornly with beautiful blue eyes.  
"It isn't March, yet,"  
comes my soft murmur.  
You only shake your head  
as frantic fingers collide.

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## **Connection**

by Margaret Pope

Front knows back;  
one is the other's companion.  
Front hides from back without failure;  
a mollusk in gloomy seas.  
Back knows front,  
its opposite angle.

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## **Self-Forgiveness**

by Bennet Roper

The greatest challenge I have ever faced is learning to forgive myself. My parents are divorced; because of this, I do not see my mom as often as we both would like. Often when she betrays my trust I try to shield her, but I have to realize I am also shielding myself. This realization has made me grow and change, and notice things about myself and about the people around me.

I try to shield my mom from the pain she inflicts upon me. If she breaks a promise to me, my first reaction is to blame myself. I think that maybe if I loved her more the incident could have been avoided, saving me the unwanted pain. I shield her from my hurtful accusations since I know it will hurt her more if I show my pain. I do not lay the blame where it belongs.

By not yelling and screaming and using other ways to express my emotions, I never allow my mom to see a single tear. I bury the deep emotions, almost managing to ignore them. Forgiveness is easy. My forgiveness shields my mom from the pain she causes, but I am also hiding behind a shield. By not totally acknowledging the damage, I am able to hide. Then I dread the moment when it will inevitably happen again. I blame myself, neglecting to explain to her my true feelings. Self-forgiveness is so hard for me: if I come out and explain the hard feelings, I will have to admit to myself the depth of them.

I have grown personally by realizing how events around me affect the thoughts of others, and my own dreams. By beginning to understand that the events that affect me are not my fault, I can begin to heal myself. My mom's problem creates the wall between us, not my helplessness. I have also realized that I can consult with others who have had similar feelings and begin to understand that I am not the only one to have them. Talking with my brother is normally an entirely repulsive idea to me, but there are times when we are able to be entirely civil. We both have kept a lot inside. I have grown by realizing that it is always better to let the feelings flow through me all the way to my mouth and out, releasing the crushing buildup. It is hard for me to imagine a better feeling than getting rid of guilt by forgiving, and not blaming, myself.

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They are comrades,  
living just around the corner;  
neighboring nations,  
allies in time of need.

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### **Juggernaut**

by Gerrit Egnew

Wind drives a knife  
through inadequate clothes.  
Sharp needlepricks on soft faces:  
impotent snowflakes  
transmit each storm's blinding rage.  
Drifts build  
against doors, sealing humans inside like  
so many trapped rats.  
Snowplows, insignificant as flies,  
cannot combat the  
raw power of  
an icy element.  
Human microcosms shut down:  
winter's atmospheric chill  
subjugates inferior earth with  
an icy grip.

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### **Duplicity**

by Bennet Roper

Despair remembers hope.  
Back when nothing mattered,  
When time itself  
did not count,  
he was nothing. Then he met her.

Hope filled all he was:  
his whole worthless space.  
Hope was a selfish being;  
she could not stand another of her  
own nature,  
her perfect other half was not good enough.  
She vanished. All  
that was left, was a dense, blank  
space that consumed all.

Despair understands.  
He only exists in people who have,  
like him, lost  
hope.

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### **Bliss**

by Gerrit Egnew

A glistening slope of snow: earthly incarnation of joy.  
Skis carve judicious turns through  
forgiving powder, creating waves of blinding white:  
a shower of insubstantial crystals creates a wall,  
shading glaring sun from sight like a theater curtain  
obscuring performers  
Turn after glorious turn,  
waves of crystalized happiness fly.

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### **Morning**

by Bennet Roper

Dew lingers on the spider's tiny web  
towards ground he drops, just looking very sad.  
Light glistens off soft mist about to ebb  
sound blue evaporating then to add  
a sun emerging slowly from the east  
behind the moon it glides from east to west.  
Soft winds blowing across the land decreased  
clouds sailing 'cross the sky on their last quest.  
Some birds begin to sing a morning song.  
One softly cooing in a tree, though one  
small bird will not sing: he does not belong.  
When what has happened can not be undone.  
Renewed in peace love sits in soft array  
to bask in soft dawn light of each new day.

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### **Sonnet**

by Margaret Pope

I hate the way these freaking things should go:  
the way words flow, the concept of their beat.  
I cannot grasp the meaning of their flow.  
I have no topic to write on this sheet.  
Become a quick loser of simple rhymes.  
Why does this poem just have to challenge me?  
Although I've tried to write a million times,  
I know that other people will agree.  
I doubt myself I underestimate.  
Marie says it will take a lot of work,  
I just wonder how long I have to wait:  
why does a sonnet have to be a jerk?  
I only have a few more lines to write,

**A Blunder**  
by Gerrit Egnew

Failure is an opportunity:  
a chance to start again.  
Like a roll of duct tape, failure  
patches up rips in the tattered fabric  
of life.  
Looking back  
at what went wrong,  
and rectifying poor decisions,  
Failure always begins anew.

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**Doughy Circles of Joy**  
by Danny Kaiser

One Sunday morning, the day after a soccer game near Boise, my mom, my friends Ray and JT, and I were hungry. Ray wanted to eat at IHOP, and we almost went, but my mom had an epiphany: "Let's go to the Co-op and get bagels," she said. We cheered. The four of us sped down Union Street and pulled into the Co-op parking lot. We flooded into the Co-op and hurried towards the bakery section. Examining the bagel selection, our senses were assailed by the delicious smell of myriad breads and pastries, redolent of heaven. Intoxicating fragrances permeated our nostrils and manipulated our thoughts. Each of us was entranced by the time we each reached a decision.

When all the bagels had finally been purchased, we headed towards the shaded porch area. We devoured our bagels in relative silence. I had a delicious combination of cinnamon-sugar and the irresistibly chewy plain bagel, which should be appreciated merely for its plain, doughy taste and aforementioned chewiness. The cinnamon sugar bagel is very special, sweeter than a doughnut yet preserving the irresistible texture synonymous with the word bagel. Partially because of hunger, but mostly because of the quality of the bagels, these bagels were the best that we had ever tasted. We left the Co-op in a dazed state, dreaming of the next time that we could immerse our tastebuds in wonderful bagels.

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**Rock Star**

at last I can enjoy the summer night.

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**Sonnet**  
by Gerit Egnew

Like legos made of many different things.  
A field of dots parades about a core.  
So light and free, avoiding denser stars,  
around the fiery center, lush contour.

Then rise, sophisticated bubble next:  
the construct of all life is DNA;  
controlling systems, dealing with troubles;  
drives all the needed tasks in our short day.

A situation we have encountered.  
A shot to space? Or step back down? Who knows?  
The fire and mass, such freedom bordered then.  
Each orbital system in which life goes.

Are we the middle man, the go between?  
What is our place? The answer is unseen.

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**Ode to Golf**  
by Alex Crogh

I wish that I could come to you my friend.  
I hope someday that we can be as one.  
Our swinging love will never cease to end,  
for you, oh Golf, are my most favorite fun.  
I long to be with you alone each day,  
but I am stuck in sand and can't get free.  
To play real golf I can't afford to pay.  
In rocks and dirt is where I plant my tee.  
My neighbors hide their heads when practice starts.  
My shots fly freely over trees and road.  
The balls can curve through air just like some darts.  
I long to be on grass that just got mowed.  
Oh to excel in my beloved game,  
I need to get myself a better aim.

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**Chrysalis**  
by Mary Parker

Compression pushes in, ubiquitous.

by Bennet Roper

He feels alone, smothered.  
Caged in his own head:  
sweat appears on his palms,  
but there is ice in his veins. Cool light  
backstage relieves tension, compared to the blinding  
attention he steps into.  
Looking blasé,  
feeling utterly not, he grips the mike.  
With noise emanating from enormous speakers,  
music sets him free.

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### **Triumph**

by Margaret Pope

As I raise my hand, images of  
luscious, crisp, ripened produce  
invade my mind. My arm  
slowly descends; I can nearly  
taste tart sweetness of fragile,  
rotund nourishment. My right hand falls,  
nearly reaching the ghetto, tired-brown countertop.  
Skimming the substance  
of which I am dreaming, the wooden knife prepares itself  
like a warrior entering battle.  
Courage comes forth: I find the strength  
within me to slice  
the flawless apple.

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### **Boating in Yuma**

by Abbey Holsman

The Colorado River in Yuma, Arizona, is my fun away  
from home. Boating, playing on the sand bar, and being in  
a stress-free environment are my favorite parts about the  
Colorado River. All the smells, feelings, and thoughts that  
happen on the river seem to stay there.

I love boating on the Colorado river. Not only is it fun, it  
can be relaxing or thrilling. My boat was custom-made by  
Ultra Boating, as were most of the boats on the river. After  
we launch our boat we go off and look for a sand bar to  
hang out on, or go up river so we can kneeboard and go  
tubing. Sometimes we race with our friends, but only when  
there are not too many people around. Other times we relax  
and let our boat float while we get into the water to swim.  
The first jump into the cold water is very thrilling and

Cocoon of pressure, unforgiving, shoves  
from ev'ry angle. Then -- A crack! Hooray!  
Authentic, perfect, real -- but tiny. So  
infuriating; shove with true resolve.  
Deliberately widen little holes  
until enough abyss exists to climb  
away and out. Vibrations shiver through  
this body. Frigid air dehydrates damp  
appendages. Unfurling luminous,  
intensely colored membranes, flutter... FLY!  
Vermillion, violet, citrine -- butterfly.

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### **Jailbreak**

by Bennet Roper

Five minutes left.  
The teacher lectures on material suddenly too recondite  
for expectant students  
as the clock ticks,  
an echo  
in the heads of eager children. Quixotic minds wander.  
The bell rings through barren halls.  
School becomes suddenly as busy as Times Square,  
awash with excitement.  
"School's out!"  
"No more homework!"  
"Summer!"  
Paroxysms of joy and laughter:  
students run like hatchlings, finally free.

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### **The Trip**

by Alex Crogh

One July morning, I woke up early to go to Lake Placid.  
My mom, brother, and I went to the Boise Airport. As we  
were heading to Boise we were all excited and nervous.  
When we arrived at the airport we went to get our tickets  
and while we were doing that we met my coach. My  
mother and she talked to each other while I looked  
around, seeing different kinds of people.

Next, we headed toward the security area and put our  
carryon bags to be checked at a scanner. I have never  
been through a scanner. It was kind of scary because I  
was not sure if I had remembered to take everything off  
myself, and did not want to be searched. When I walked  
right by, it was less scary than I had expected. The airport  
was very loud and rushed. When we were waiting to  
board our plane we met my partner, Jacqueline, and her

sends goose bumps down my whole body.

When we finally anchor at a sand bar, our coolers, chairs, and canopy come off our boat and are placed on the sand. I take a deep breath and smell the fresh air, sand and water as the wind blows through my hair. When we are anchored on a sand bar, there is so much to do. We bury each other, make sand castles, play volleyball and lay out in the sand trying not to get it everywhere! It's a different world for me when I'm on the river.

All of the stresses of being in the city or even a small town evaporate when my family and I go to Yuma. The feeling of the sand in between my fingers and toes helps me relax. Lying on the hot sand in the sun makes jumping into the river's cold water even more fun. When we are on the river, there aren't any obligations or schedules we need to follow. We don't need to be doing much to be happy, because it's just nice to get away from our regular life. Being on the Colorado River is almost like having a new, different life.

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### **Blank Pages**

by Bennet Roper

Autumn leaves cling to barren limbs:  
bleached to pale dead pages, blank and empty,  
desolate in frigid wind. Snow  
is on the way, falling white and bare, untouched  
by ink and graphite on frosty ground.  
Fall reads cool and vacant, like empty  
parchment.

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### **Fluffy Crystals**

by Danny Kaiser

When entering the bowl, our skis do float  
spread out before our eyes lies holy pow.  
I stop to zip and water-proof my coat;  
beginning our trip down, through snow we plough.  
With little turns rehearsed a thousand times,  
we do the dance of angels round a cloud:  
each swish more soft than sounds of holy chimes;  
ability of ours by gods endowed.  
Their ordinance, we do humbly perform.  
Appreciating nature's gift of snow.  
We praise the fruit divine of wicked storm,  
and praise said storm to which, for this, we owe.  
And when the time arrives for us to end,

mom. The six of us waited for about an hour before we could board the plane.

I looked nervously around to see if I really wanted to go on the plane. The last time I was on a plane was when I was six-and-a-half when we left from Russia to come to America. When I was walking into the plane, I was shocked at how small it was but it was not really that small. The plane that we flew on to America was lot bigger than this plane. Everyone sat together but I was the unlucky one and had to sit with a seatmate. I was not very happy but I had to live with it. The plane started up and I wished I could have sat by the window but the man wanted it so I let him. I had to lean out to be able to see a small part of the window. We went on the runway and I didn't know if I was ready but I had to be ready. We took off and my stomach went down and I felt a little dizzy but not sick. Close one. I looked down on Boise, knowing I wouldn't see it for a week.

When we were in the air, I was waiting until we could listen to our Ipod's or use computers. We were flying for about five minutes and I was scared that the plane might stop and drop directly toward Earth. I was always holding onto the seat to make sure I was secure.

Later during the flight, we could get refreshments. I could only get a small cup of coke because they thought I was too young to have a can. The man next to me got a can and I was jealous. He was very fat and small. He was a kind person as I thought. He slept most of the time and snored so loud I bet the people in the front of the plane could hear. When we were flying, he had to go to the restroom a couple of times. So I had to move and wait till he was done because he had to get into his seat. Getting up was a hard time because I felt like I would fall and tumble toward the nose of the plane.

We went to the other plane for Albany. We finally took off. I was unlucky again because I had to sit by a man who was very rude. Lucky me. We had to wait on the plane for an hour or so because it was storming. After a while the man said to me, "When the \*\*\*\*are we leaving?" Of course I was so deaf at the time, I asked him to say it again and he said it right back with pleasure. He too fell asleep and he too snored loudly. We finally landed late that night, around midnight. After this trip I will always be excited to be able to go on a plane. I hope it will be soon.

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**Sonnet #27**

again we board the lift and we ascend.

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### **Haven** by Mary Parker

We named it Skull Dock because of the abnormal fungus we found growing on the underside, which, when viewed from the correct angle looked like a small, white, grinning skull. Sometimes we would go to Skull Dock together -- you and me and her -- just to think, or to enjoy each other's company. Other times we'd simply sit there, staring at the water, wishing we had something to do in this tiny town. Almost every time we left, we were soaked from having jumped in the lake just because we could.

There were never any boats tied to Skull Dock, which made me wonder why it was there. Perhaps the workers who built it knew people like us would view the dock as some sort of haven, a place where we could escape the world for a couple of hours. There was something about the way the sun filtered through water under the dock and made everything so blue. It was like we had our own private fairyland when sunset came. The shadows made all the colors twice as noticeable and four times as soft.

Skull Dock was there to heal the minds of those who pushed themselves too hard at school or at work. It provided writers like us with inspiration for poetry, and artists with landscapes for painting. It is even now waiting to help someone find his true purpose or unlock her higher potential.

It's there for all of us.

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### **Solitude** by Mary Parker

Atop the hill stands an old ginkgo tree,  
gnarled and twisted like Red Vines licorice;  
as ancient as pitted earth it calls home.  
Branches, spread wide,

by Mary Parker

As death eludes the posse of our thought  
Which stalls in awe to shiver at the brink,  
The gaunt mythology which we've been taught  
Both cripples and corrupts the way we think.

Instead of celebrating self alive  
With legs to roam the earth, and eyes to see,  
We're thankless for the chance to work and thrive.  
No joy is found inventing lock or key.

No happiness or laughter swells inside  
To crescendo in oceanic bliss,  
To feel the spray blown off the turning tide  
Or greet the one who loves you with a kiss.

Our consciousness, more than stars in the dark  
Was meant to super-nova in huge arc.

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### **Noises That Annoy** by Bennet Roper

The sound of a fly buzzing in circles is infuriating. Its buzz is at just the right volume to tork me off. Each fly has to buzz just out of the range of my insanely-swinging windmill-like arms. My fist clenches and my eye twitches as I desperately try to concentrate. All this effort is in vain. I leave the room; at least I can hit my brother. Another victory for the fly. *Bad idea. The asylum's lights will be a lot worse.* I quickly finish my shopping and thank the world that the sun is still shining.

Naturally, I hate lawnmowers for the exercise, the smell, and the general mess they make, but worst of all is the awful noise. That nasal chainsaw noise is intolerable. While I am working in class, usually on a test, that man has to get on his stupid riding lawnmower and grind up the grass. Chugging and grinding, the lawnmower leaves me no choice but to add to the bite marks on my pencil. Glaring down at my paper with more intensity than ever, I grind my lead harder to help myself concentrate. It keeps droning on.

I understand the importance of sirens, but why do they have to be so loud? While I am sitting in my car deftly tuning out the rap music pouring out of the car next to me, the flashy speeding ambulance followed by an understated black police car comes speeding through the intersection. The racket is unbearable. The sound rings

stretch heavenward:  
arms reaching for an embrace  
rejected long ago.  
Green ginkgo leaves wrap each bough,  
cleaving to twigs as children do their mother;  
rarely do any litter the ground.  
However, every so often, a breeze gusts in,  
ripping a helpless leaf from its branch.  
They almost always land in the same spot,  
just below the tree,  
covering the inscription on the only stone on that hill.  
The other leaves, sadly ignorant to the travesty,  
never miss their brother,  
save the few who were close to it.

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### **The Attempt**

by Gerrit Egnew

"Come on. I guarantee the first time you'll have a blast. Go get your kayak."

*Yeah, right.* "Fine," I say, as I head back towards the beach. I ruminate on my dad's words as I walk towards my kayak. There is no way I can surf that wave just upriver.

Sure, my dad *says* it's not being pushy, but that is a BIG wave. At least for a kayaker who's just learned to roll like me. There are a couple of really good kayakers surfin' it right now, pulling endos and spinning around. They offer to give me some tips. It's a good opportunity but... Whatever. I've got nothing to lose.

"I'm gonna do it," I say to Corey as I get to the beach.

"Yeah? I'm staying right here where it's warm." A predictable reply. It's only his third time kayaking. I don my shirt, spray-skirt, and paddle jacket, then grab my helmet and paddle and get into the boat. My spray skirt is wet: easy to get on. "Hey, give me a push off!" Corey obliges, and I paddle up the eddy to the wave train. *Why* am I doing this again?

I get up towards the wave. "Hey dad, you're going to owe me," I splash some water at him.

He laughs. "Don't forget your nose plugs." *Good idea.*

"I won't."

He sees that I'm a little hesitant to try the wave. "Just go for

through my ears and explodes into dozens of painful fireworks in my head. I look over to see the mom next to me turning to roll her eyes at the wailing kid in the backseat; I feel the same as the kid. Later that night while I am about to fall asleep, the noise breaks through the almost-silent night to my window, as if sent there by my own stressed nerves.

The main reason that these noises bother me is because there is no way to ignore them. When a fly is buzzing there is no possible way to ignore it other than putting my hands over my ears and screaming. The florescent light is incessant and eye-twitchingly annoying. Lawnmower noise is also impossible to tune out, while the noise of a siren is so loud and disruptive that when it suddenly pops out, it makes all thought impossible. I prefer silence to almost any other sound.

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### **I've Always Found It Funny How Cats Leave Dead Birds On Your Doorstep To Show Their Affection**

by Mary Parker

When I pressed against your belly button,  
there was a soft click  
as a light turned on behind your lungs.  
Your skin looked like colored tissue paper  
wrapping an oriental lantern,  
with your silver ribs and crystal heart showing up  
as shapely dark blotches.  
Golden, glowing arms pulled me closer,  
but I was afraid to rip your rice-paper skin.  
We held perfectly still together  
as we watched our muddled shadows  
waltz across the ceiling.

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### **The Cemetery on a Hill**

by Mary Parker

The frost came early this year,  
killing the roses you labored all summer  
just to smell.  
I stood at the window early this morning,  
watching  
as ebony petals dropped upon the lawn.  
All I could think of was you,  
hunched over flower beds, caked in dirt,  
as the smell of baked earth tickled your nose.



it," he says. "There's nothing in that rapid but waves, and below is a mile-and-a-half long swimming pool." *Liar. What about the entire current heading towards that hole near the other shore?* I sigh.

"Whatever, wish me luck."

As soon as I'm at the top of the eddy, one of the kayakers -- he has a beard, I don't know his name -- paddles up to me. "That one isn't too pushy," he says, referring to the fifth wave. "Just wait 'til Tele gets outta there." Tele is the other guy. *At least I know his name.*

Tele looks over, sees us, and pulls out. He paddles up and says, "Which one you going to do?"

"Fifth," I reply.

"Sweet. Go for it." *Go for it. Hmmm... Not as reassuring as it should be.*

"Ok."

I paddle down the eddy slightly to set up. Paddling for the wave, angling my boat upstream, angled too far downstream, my boat catches the current. CRASH! I'm underwater. I start setting up my roll. I'm so intent on rolling up that it takes me a few seconds to realize I hadn't put on my nose plugs. *Damn Damn Damn! I won't have time for a second attempt.* I bring my paddle across, hip-snap, and roll up. Before I even have time to realize I'm up, a wave crashes on me. I'm back under. *Ahhh! Didn't get a breath!* I start a second roll, realize I'm out of air, and pull my skirt.

I come up and grab my paddle right away. Then I throw an arm over my boat. I start to swim for the beach. *Too slow, too slow!* Tele and the bearded guy are paddling down towards me. Once there, Tele hooks a tow line to my boat. The bearded one yells: "Grab my boat! Other shore!" I release my kayak and grab the back of his. He drags me over and deposits me on the rocks. *Oh, this'll be fun.*

I drag my boat up on the rocks and laboriously begin emptying out the water. Hard to think, I'm so cold... With shuddering hands, I turn the boat over. Sliding it into the water, I start to get in. It wobbles and I almost fall out. Not even bothering with my spray-skirt, I grab the paddle clumsily. *Cold. Cold. Gaah I'm COLD!* I ferry across to the beach.

Corey is chuckling a bit. "That was ridiculous," I exclaim

I went outside last night,  
just to lie upon frozen ground  
and gaze up at scattered stars.  
I remembered having you by my side, then,  
wondering how there could be so many lights,  
and philosophizing about how the universe  
could possibly be large enough to hold them all.  
But alone,  
the cloudless night sky only proved to make the air  
colder. I miss you.

through chattering teeth.

"Sure looked it," he comments.

"Well then why don't you try?"

"Yeah, right. Maybe next year." I silently agree as I lie down on the warm sand. *Maybe next year.*

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